

DISTRESSING PROGRESS OF PRINCE PIGNATELLI'S PERFECT ROMANCE

The Latest Mishap in an Experiment to Prove
That Love in a Cottage and a "Flivver"
Can Be as Successful as Love
in a Palace and Limousine

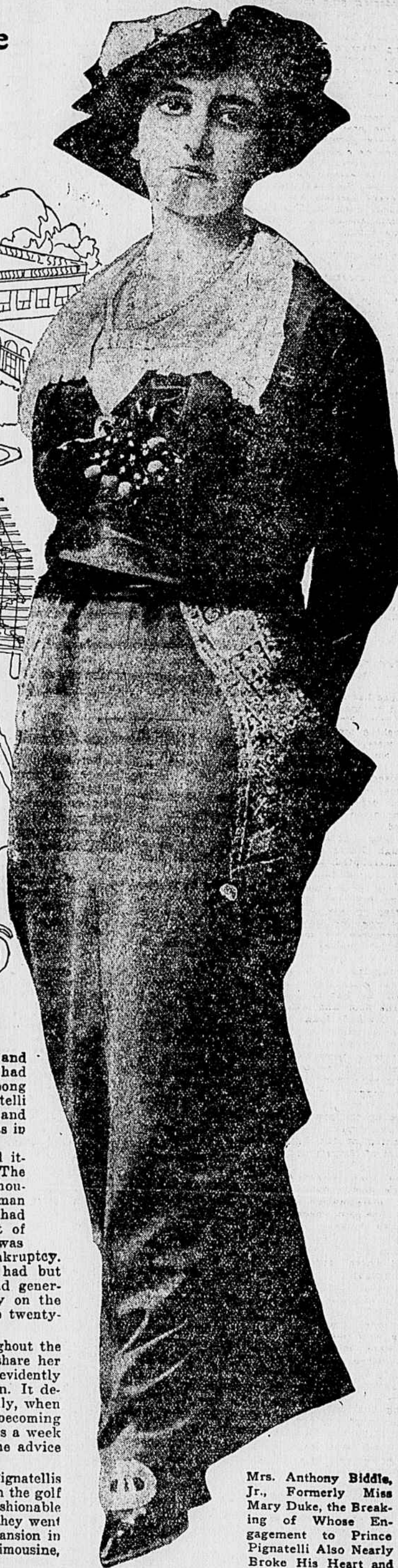
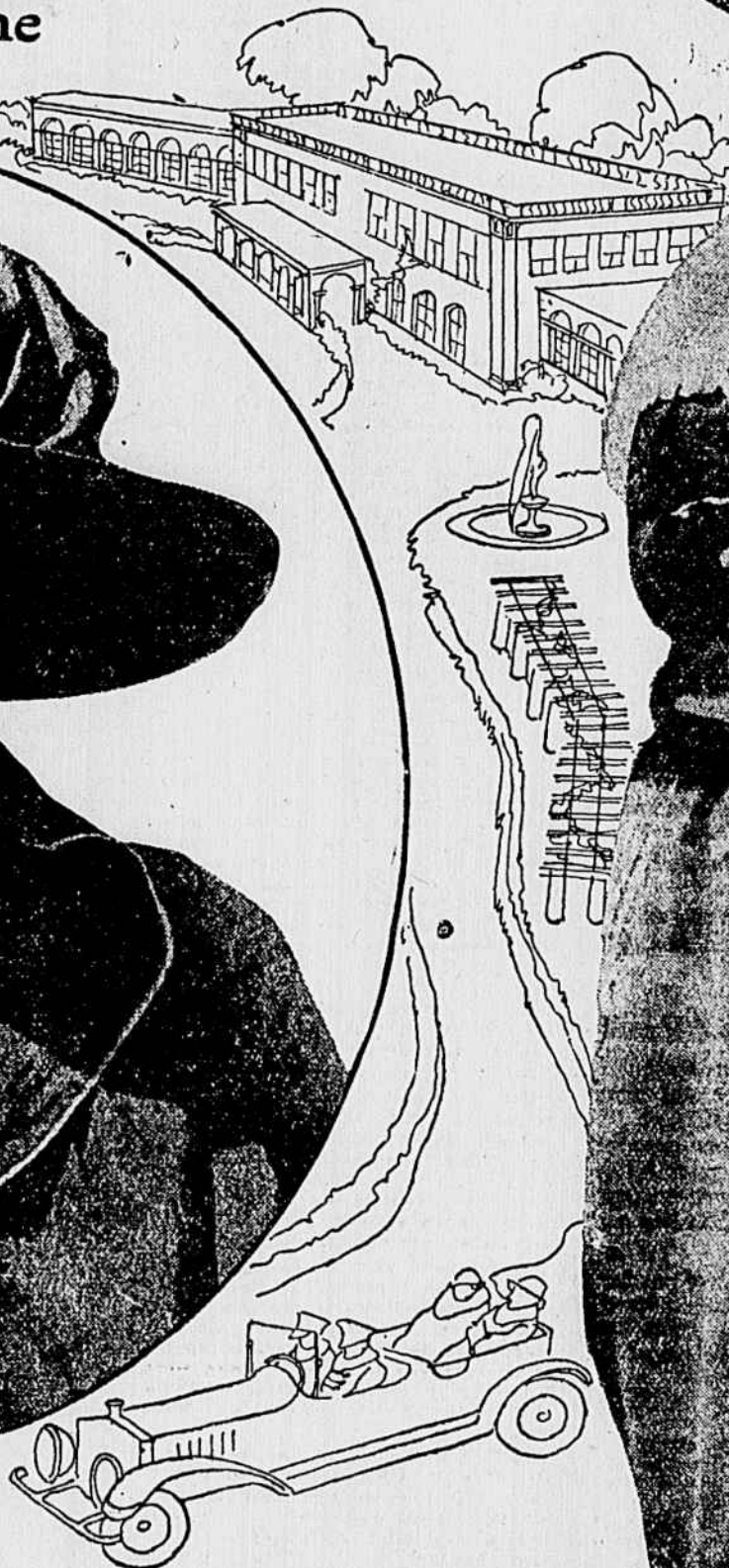


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Prince Ludovic Pignatelli, the Latest Development in Whose Romance Has Caused So Much Discussion.



PHOTO BY GUY WOOD AND UNDERWOOD, N. Y.
The Princess Pignatelli (formerly Miss Ruth Waters) in a Beach Costume Showing How Appropriate Her Name Is.



Mrs. Anthony Biddle, Jr., Formerly Miss Mary Duke, the Breaking of Whose Engagement to Prince Pignatelli Also Nearly Broke His Heart and Whose Palatial Estate Is Embarrassingly Close to the Cottage Where the Prince's True Romance Found Its Setting.

The poets have sung that love in a cottage is the only perfect love, and who can blame fashionable society, therefore, for concluding that this international match was one of love complete and admirable? Especially so as the Prince's past performances had never been such as to create the faintest suspicion that he was at all domestic. But if he loved enough to live in a cottage, to enjoy a flivver, and to bury himself in the necessarily domestic seclusion of the outskirts on the Merrick Road, Long Island, then he must love indeed. So reasoned society.

The former Miss Waters had not shown any marked domestic tendencies either. Of course the fact that her father had kept hotels seemed to give her a working knowledge of housekeeping, but what in early democratic days used to be called "the balls and parties" which were given her during her debutante period were exceedingly stunning and undomestic. Furthermore, she was used to mansions and limousines and lots of servants. If Ruth Waters could give all this up for her Prince and be satisfied with a cottage and a flivver she must love the Prince, indeed. What could be more perfect than, than this romance? asked fashionable society.

Sentimentalists and social students watched with interest the progress of this romance from the time of the return of the Prince and Princess from their honeymoon. Almost at once interesting disharmonies began to develop. But of these later. It is necessary to consider the last disharmony, which threatens to be the test of the whole romance. Prince Pignatelli went to New York. Coming home to his cottage late that night he saw the little nest ablaze with lights and filled with the sound of revelry and mirth. The Prince asserts that he was surprised. He entered his little home and his eyes fell upon a joyous company of neighbors.

The Prince demanded an explanation of why the party had been called and he had been left out. Particularly did he object to a couple of guests, Captain Edmund L. Haas of the U. S. A. and James Ford from the military camp at Yaphank. The House of Aragon is a proud one and the Prince's ancestors never allowed their remarks to be censored and did not like any argument. "Off to the torture chamber" or "chop his

head off" or something like that was the old Aragon idea of repartee. It seems that the ancient blood boiled up in the Prince. But what went finally five or six hundred years ago does not go to-day. Captain Haas objected to the Aragon manner.

"Come outside a moment," he said to the Prince. The Prince did. In what ensued he came off a very bad second. In fact, such a bad second that he took the whole affair and his bruises into court the next day.

The Princess packed up her bags and went to her mother the morning after. And at the last accounts is still too angry at her Prince even to think of relenting. The Princess says that her noble husband's rage was entirely uncalculated for. She spoke to him over the phone that same afternoon, she says, and told him all about the party that she had considered having, wanted him to be there, and asked him if he objected to her having it if he was not there. The Prince, she says, answered, "Why not at all, my dear," or words to that effect. And so she went on and had her party.

It was just after one of the most thrilling of the varied sequence of events in the adventurous life of the Prince that he fell honestly in love with little Miss Waters. His engagement with Miss Duke had been broken to the unconcealed joy of her family. He had tried to kill himself in his Paris home because of his broken heart, and then after he had failed and had returned to New York the immigration authorities held him up for days on Ellis Island as a suspicious character.

Well, then, when the Prince fell in love with the dark-eyed, jolly young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Jason Waters, smart society on Long Island, which is the smartest New York set, wondered. Here, for once, was a real romance, here was a Prince falling in love with a girl whose dress allowance was small and whose father was unprepared to endow her liberally. The Prince was going to marry for love, pure and simple.

He did, and then got his first bump. Mrs. Waters might have given the bride and groom a valuable gift, but all she handed out was a chilly and delayed forgiveness for their runaway marriage. The Prince took his bride to the small house he had occupied for several months on the Merrick Road.

In the meantime Miss Duke had become

engaged to Anthony Biddle, Jr., and her mother, Mrs. Benjamin Duke, had leased a sumptuous mansion on Long Island, right in sight of the Pignatelli cot. No matter where the Prince and Princess went, that great estate was in the way!

In June the second bump raised itself in the pathway of the lovers. The Prince was sued for one hundred thousand dollars by the widow of a man whom the authorities alleged he had killed when motoring. A verdict of about sixteen thousand dollars was awarded. The Prince went into bankruptcy. He claimed and proved that he had but twenty-eight cents to his name and generously and frankly laid the money on the table. The court did not take the twenty-eight cents, however.

The Princess was in court throughout the proceedings, but did not offer to share her allowance with her husband. She evidently thought she might need it to live on. It developed later that the Waters family, when they found the Prince in danger of becoming a pauper, settled twenty-five dollars a week on the young couple and added the advice to go into chicken raising!

With the bankruptcy over, the Pignatellis spent the Autumn almost entirely on the golf course and verandahs of the ultra-fashionable Piping Rock Club, and every time they went to the club they passed the Duke mansion in their flivver, and the Duke-Biddle limousine, a most costly affair, passed them.

The flivver, alas! speedily got on the Prince's nerves. He shrivelled every time the Duke-Biddle limousine glided by, and, oh, what bumps his romance had, for he found himself quarrelling bitterly with his Princess.

But there was worse in store for him. Naturally they could not afford a stylish French chef. They were able to get a good hired girl who cooked spuds and things like that.

But she objected to having "the Missus" visit the kitchen and complain when things were not right. No one knows who struck the first blow, but one day there was some bad scrap in the Pignatelli kitchen. Some say that flat-irons were flung, others that fists were used unaided by irons and broom sticks.

The cook "had the law" on her former

"Missus," and the judge added insult to injury by calling the Princess "Mrs. Aragon." "They say" that this marked the beginning of the end of this "perfect romance." "They say" that from that day the Prince spent his waking hours rebelling against his fate and his sleeping hours dreaming of the wealth of Midas and all that sort of thing. "They say" that his fracas with the army captain is the logical outcome of the events that have "bumped" him since his marriage, and that this will prove to be the one bump too many!

But this world is full of queer happenings, and "They" may be mistaken.